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Saturday
September 6, 1952

E., John and I set off at 10:00 a.m. for Tasco by car. After almost four hours of driving through the most beautiful scenery imaginable, we arrived for lunch at the Hotel Victoria, where we had tequila (with salt and limes), and an assortment of pleasing dishes. Then we visited the impressive baroque cathedral, and sauntered around the beautiful square. We bought ~~some~~ silver, and all agreed that this little town was about the most quaint and charming place imaginable.

On the way back, we stopped at the Cortez Palace in Cuernavaca, to look at Diego Rivera's murals. I had not been to Tasco and Cuernavaca for fourteen years, but recaptured the old thrill, especially in the case of Tasco. We called on George Messersmith and his wife, who have a house in Cuernavaca. He was once our Ambassador to Mexico, and is now the President of the Mexican Light Company. He was also, during his long diplomatic career, Ambassador to Cuba and to the Argentine. He promised to send me two small white goatskin rugs that a man in Monterrey provides for him. A portion of his house--built by a Mexican--has superb wooden doors and cupboards, looted from Church buildings when the property of the Church was confiscated.

We had a long drive home in the dark and rain along the winding mountain road (which at one place reaches a 10,000 foot elevation) to Mexico City. There, somewhat fatigued, we went supperless to bed.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE A/CDC/MR

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TS AUTH. REASON(S)

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